

my Father! Had I not disobeyed him I might
— He could say no more; he trembling
screamed out, sunk, and was drowned.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that
thy Days may be long upon the Land which the
Lord thy God giveth thee. *Exod. xx. 12.*

A wife Son maketh a glad Father; but a
feolish Son despiseth his Mother. *Prov. v. 20.*

He that wasteth his Father, and chafeth away
his Mother, is a Son that causeth Shame, and
bringeth Reproach. *Prov. xix. 26.*

Hearken unto thy Father that begat thee,
and despise not thy Mother when she is old.
Prov. xxiii. 22.

The Eye that mocketh at his Father, and
despiseth to obey his Mother, the Ravens of
the Valley shall pick it out, and the young
Eagles shall eat it.



STORY VIII.

STORY VIII. The lost CHILD.

A Very pretty Boy was one Day sitting at a
Door; he was genteely dress'd, had
a lac'd Hat on, and Silver Buckles in his
Shoes. And as he was just put in Breeches,
he sat there to shew himself, and to hear what
the Neighbours would say to him on his new
Finery. While he was sitting, thinking no
harm, a Woman came to him, and after
admiring his Dress, shew'd him, a Cake, which
she promised to give him, if he would go with
her to see what pretty Things she had got at
Home for him. Pleased at the Sight of the
Cake, and delighted with the Hopes of the
fine Things she promised him, he was going
with her: But just as he was giving her his
Hand, he remember'd his Mamma had told
him, that he must never go with Strangers.
This made him draw it back; but upon her
telling him she would give him a little pretty
Horie to ride on, he ventur'd. She led him
thro' several Streets till he grew weary, and as
it was dark, he then began to be frighted, and
often ask'd if she was not almost at Home;
she told him, yes, and carried him in her
Arms: At last they got into the Fields, when
she